

The Flames of Destiny

by Hairydufflebag

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Summary: 'I'm Here' Rewrite! (Corny Title, I know) Hiccup disappears after a battle against the Red/Green Death, but little do you know he's still alive and 'better' than ever. With a new threat arising, will Hiccup have to come back home and involve Berk in this world-shattering fight. I don't own HTTYD or any of the characters except my own! Happy reading.

1. Chapter 1

****Prologue****

The black dragon worriedly dove towards his rider in a panic as he was plummeting towards the ground, covered by an inferno of molten dragon skin. Viking onlookers gazed in horror of the events unfolding, among them stood the rider's father fearing the worst, first his wife now his son. The flames raged as the rider fell into the mouth and was consumed by the maelstrom of destruction, followed by his black dragon.

"Hiccup!" cried a young female voice, the flames engulfed the far edge of the beach, trapping the boy and his dragon inside it's searing torrent. Despair descended upon the throngs of vikings, still in disbelief of what transpired before their eyes. A nebula of smoke and ash swept across the beach toward the vikings cloaking their bodies in it's heavy cloud. Through the smog the distorted masses hung their heads low, finally allowing the fear to settle, he was gone. One lone towering figure held his head up, scanning the edge of the beach with soot-filled unflinching eyes, a father's hope.

As the fire dissipated, the smoke clearing away, there were no signs of Hiccup anywhere. Only the charred remains of the Red Death were in place, no black dragon, no boy. Low whispers and sobs of grief began to swell amidst the vikings while others stood frozen in shock unable to move. Astrid, now kneeling on the beach with fists clenched firmly in the sand wept silently to herself, fighting to hold back tears.

Stoick stood there still in shock, staring towards nothing as he walked forward cupping his hands around his mouth and shouted the only thing that was on his mind now.

"Hiccup!" His voice was shaky as it was loud, he shouldn't appear weak in front of the other vikings. He can't cry, "Hiccup! Where are ye son!?" he kept shouting, but nothing. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III is gone.

I'm back everyone! Oh golly has it been a while, so welcome to the rewrite of "I'm Here", I'm planning on making some changes to this whole thing. I'd like to thank everyone who actually did read the first fiction, this will be almost identical to the previous story but added more things, and killed off many characters (Oh how I loved getting rid of those jerks.)

Anyways, yeah, enjoy. Chapter 1 will be up on Sunday or Monday. Happy reading!

2. Chapter 1 (WOO WOO!)

Chapter 1

Several months passed since the battle on Dragon Island, the war finally settled between vikings and dragons ushering in a time of peace. Rumors circulated about a masked dragon rider throughout the Barbaric Archipelago bringing justice across the expansive cold chain of islands. On a far-away familiar island, the rumors had reached the villages and to one particular villagerâ€|

"FISHLEGS! I need you at the docks, boy!" A man yelled, "These fish aren't going to unload themselves!"

"Coming!" The husky boy yelled, walking side by side with his dragon Meatlug. "Life's been going pretty good now that we're getting along, aren't I right girl? Am I?" He said with a cheerful smile, vigorously scratching his hands all over Meatlug's head and body attentively.

The sound of fish being sloshed into barrels distracted the boy from petting his dragon.

"Oi Garth, ye be hearin' them rumors about tha' black dragon flyin' 'round, kinda like a guardian an' all. They say it even has a riderâ€| do you think he's still alive?"

The fisherman shook his head, "No I haven't, the only black dragon I ever actually seen or even 'eard of is that Night Fury Hiccup shot down a few months ago." He let out a sigh, "Shame, really started to show promise that young lad, I mean savin' us all from that monster of a dragon! Even then, I don't think Hiccup could've survived those flames."

Overhearing the conversation, Fishlegs stopped in his tracks and looked to Meatlug before mounting her and flying off towards the others.

"Fishlegs? Where is that boy?"

Around the arena, Astrid tends to other dragons that have made Berk their new home. Suddenly an explosion thunders nearby, followed by the sound of the Thorston twins laughing. Astrid sighs in frustration upon hearing this, as if she didn't have enough on her hands already...

Snotlout off to the side relaxing with his dragon Hookfang until a spike impales the wall right above Snotlout's head, "Can you at least be useful!?" Astrid demanded, her fists balled tightly on her hips.

"Relax, just come here and sit with me." Snotlout gestures flirtatiously.

"There's no time to relax! We're getting all these new dragons flying into Berk and making a home here, and also a mess of everything. The twins are blowing stuff up on their dragon, Fishlegs is off doing Thor knows what, and you're here being useless!" Ignoring his advances then angrily groans, "I wish Hiccup was here..."

Snotlout raised both his hands up, but was immediately interrupted by Fishlegs landing too close to him, knocking him over. "Guys! Guys! Hiccup's alive!" Fishlegs exclaimed. Astrid looked at him dumbfounded, Snotlout still knocked out from the sudden crash, "Fish, what are you even talking about?" She asked.

"I heard from my dad and another fisherman about a rumor with some black dragon flying around saving people!" Fishlegs elated.

"Fishlegs, I don't need this right now, what I_ do_ need is some help with the twins." She gestured towards the explosion behind her. "You already helped out with Snotlout, now come on let's go before things get worse." She orders whilst mounting onto Stormfly.

Sighing dejectedly, he follows along. Off in the distance, a cloaked figure atop of a black dragon watches ever so vigilantly. "Let's go bud."

****Four years passed...****

Dragons are slightly more settled in, the Holiday season has come around to the Barbaric Archipelago, it's Snoggletog!

A young man is seen lying down atop a cliff with his best friend right next to him. "Happy Snoggletog bud. Really has been four years hasn't it?" The dragon snorts in response and makes a guttural noise out of boredom. "You know what? Lets pay Berk a visit then!" The young man frivolously recommends.

The island of Berk is busy this time of year, many of the villagers are decorating their homes and it's going much faster thanks to the dragons. Especially enthusiastic are the teens, well not teens anymore, young adults would be accurate.

Astrid walks through the village surveying and keeping an eye on the dragons, but also spreading Holiday cheer with her infamous Yak-Nog. "If I have that, I'm going to Yak-Nog all over the place!" Tuffnut obnoxiously jokes before getting decked by Astrid.

"How's the decorating going Fish?" Astrid asks, her voice trailing upon noticing a mysterious cloaked figure, looking around the village. "Hold that thought." She pushed passed the group, shadowing the cloaked figure.

****Hiccup's POV:****

Berk looks really good, it really has been a long time. So many dragons too, I wonder who's been helping to keep the peace between these guys. I hear footsteps behind coming up closer to me, am I being followed? I'll just walk a bit faster.

****Regular POV: ****

Astrid was trailing right up to the man, until he started moving faster. "Did he hear me? No that's not possible, I was as quiet as I could be." She thought to herself.

She kept on his trail but he seemed to be getting farther and farther away from her until he bumped into Stoick the Vast.

"Oh sorry lad, didn't see you there!" Stoick happily apologized before looking down and seeing those same green eyes that were on his son many years ago.

"No, it's fine, I'll be on my way." Hiccup darts passed his father away from him. Stoick perplexed, turned to watch the young man vanish into the crowd, did he just see his son? He thought to himself, no it must be his mind playing tricks on him again. Shaking his head, Stoick turned back to find Astrid standing there. "Oh Astrid! Is there something you need?"

"It's nothing Chief, was just following that shady guy you bumped into. Are you OK? You look like you've seen a ghost." She asks concerned.

"I'm alright, let's go, we gotta get some things done before we start the festivities! I heard Gobber is doing a little show for the village." He replies with a forced smile, hiding the fact that he might've bumped into his son.

****Hours later...****

The sound of laughter travels through, filling the mead hall with all sorts of holiday cheer. Gobber is standing right by the giant fireplace telling stories and cracking jokes. A giant celebration, the sound of mugs clinking with such enthusiastic force they could shatter, Vikings talking about everyday things, gossip, whose dating who, all of that.

Terrible terrors roaming around catching bits of food falling from messy Vikings. Dragons hanging around 'socializing' with other Dragons.

Off in the distance way behind everyone, Stoick is standing there smiling. It's always nice to have a day off to just celebrate, well until Gothi sticks him on his back. "Oh! What is it Gothi?" He asks annoyed.

She gestures to the whole party. 'Why aren't you joining them?'

"I don't have to, relaxing is also an option too y'know. Being a Chief is hard and all, really messes with your head sometimes. Stress and all."

She taps her head and moves her hand in a way of offering it to him, then slightly shrugging, 'Is something on your mind?'

Stoick sighs, "It's my son Gothi, I think I've seen him."

Several miles off the coast of Berk, two ships full of raiders are encroaching upon the island. "Sir, we're nearly there! With those idiots celebrating Snoggletog, they'll never expect us!"

A man who appears to be their leader laughs, "Yes. They'll never suspect us. Ready yourselves men!" Suddenly a gust of wind blows, snuffing out their torches. "Strong winds tonight, eh?" States one of the raiders.

"There be no such winds at this ti- ARRRRGGGGHHHH!" The raiders looked on in shock as one of them hurtled into the air crashing overboard into the frigid water. One by one they were being yanked and submerged, every one of them panicking trying to get their bearings.

The last few on the ship grouped up near the mast, "Fire a signal arrow for the other boat. We need help, now!"

"Aye sir!" The raider took an arrow and doused the tip with oil igniting it, he pulled back his bow and released only to have the arrow halted by a black shadow. The flame slightly illuminated the teeth of a dragon with it's mouth opened wide, a dim purple glow resonated from within.

The glow intensified and fired upon the unsuspecting raider as he was pushed back onto the floor of the ship screaming and writhing in pain. Third degree burns covered his arm, face, and body, the raiders rushed to him trying to make him stop screaming. "Would ye shut up!"

The raider got his wish as the boat was bombarded with multiple plasma blasts, blowing everything up, fire engulfing the rest of the vessel as the other raiders jumped off into the water.

The other boat saw what was happening and made their way towards it, "We're under attack! Get the survivors, didn't think those Vikings would actually see us!" Then a dagger flew right into the man's throat. Only to have it be kicked in deeper by Hiccup as he jumped off Toothless onto the boat.

He unsheathed his sword and put himself in a fighting stance, the metal gleaming from the moon. "Happy Snoggletog!" Hiccup yelled happily.

Here's Chapter 1 everyone! I really don't have much to say really, but yeah. Tell me watcha think! Any questions regarding this story or even if you wanna talk to me, I'll be here.

****Chapter 2****

It's barely morning after Snoggletog and already a guard is sprinting towards the Chief's house, upon arrival he bangs feverishly on the door. Stoick answered, slightly squinting at the morning sun with a throbbing headache from last night, "What is it? Is there something going on?" He bellowed whilst equipping his helmet.

"A wreckage was spotted a few miles off the coast, the Dragon Riders are on their way over to survey the damage, I was sent to alert you."

"Right then, just another day of bein' a Chief eh?" Stoick jokes.

Meanwhile, the teens chatted on their way towards the wreckage, "Whaddya think we're goin' to find there?" Fishlegs asked.

"Probably more of Ruff's dirty laundry, just the smell of it could cause a wreckage!" Tuffnut laughed, only to be suddenly punched off the dragon by his sister. Ruffnut smiled until she got a stern look from Astrid. "Oh fine, I'll get him." She turned Barf and Belch down to catch Tuffnut.

"Anyways... the wreckage is coming up, watch out for any rogue dragons, or even other ships. This could be a trap." Astrid warned grimly. Reaching the scorched remains, they all jumped off their dragons onto the empty boat. "Alright you guys, just warn us if you see any other ship that isn't ours." Fishlegs yelled at the dragons.

The dragons circled overhead and occasionally descended to small strips of land nearby, surveying the areas around the debris. Astrid drew out her axe and carefully moved through the boat littered with bodies. Fishlegs followed carefully behind wielding his hammer, a little freaked out from discovering the amount of dead on the ship. Snotlout hung around the bow, pacing back and forth.

Making their way towards the stern, Astrid noticed movement under a pile of debris. "Fish, check it out, someone's alive." She pointed her axe towards the pile and walked forward to kick away the debris. A man screamed and jumped backwards, "Don't kill me! Please don't kill me!"

"Calm down, we're not going to kill you, are you alright?" Fishlegs asked, before leaning towards Astrid, "This guy might be a little distraught, we'll have to be easy with him." He whispered.

"We're wasting time to be easy, we could be attacked at any minute!" Astrid leapt towards the man causing him to panic and scream for mercy, grabbing him tautly by the collar she interrogated, "Who are you? And what is your business here?"

"M-my name is Jon! I come from the mainland! I'm out here for glory and riches, but that changed since last night... ever since that leather clad monster destroyed it all." He pleaded to be let go, "It's not safe here, he could still be here!"

Astrid looked at him with a sneer, "Who could still be here? What are

you even talking about?"

"The black dragon rider! A dragon as dark as the night shooting down our men, none of us could fight back! But not as worse as that man..." Astrid's grip slackened as she stared at the man dumbfounded, "He was too fast for us, we couldn't even see him... slicing through our finest warriors..."

"Did he say his name at all?" Fishlegs interrupted. Jon gazed at him until he slowly lifted up his shirt, the initials H.H. were crudely carved into his flesh, his skin now swollen and pink around the dark red letters. Fishlegs stared horrified then looked to Astrid who seemed surprised also. All of a sudden an arrow pierced through the man's neck, Astrid immediately dropped him and prepared into her battle stance, "Fish, where'd that come from!?"

"No idea!" Fishlegs took cover behind the mast and noticed a shadow cast from above, his eyes darted upward seeing a Night Fury with someone on top. "Up there! Look it's Hiccup!"

Astrid looked up, her eyes widened, "No, it can't be..." Snotlout already on Hookfang flew his way towards the Night Fury but was blasted off, Hookfang stopped to dive for his rider. The Night Fury flew off faster than anything, passing by Ruffnut and Tuffnut making their way towards the others, "Whoa! That's fast" Tuffnut exclaimed. As the twins arrived, the others were already on their dragons heading the opposite way.

"What'd we miss!?" Ruffnut asked, "Did we miss something?"

"No time to talk now! We gotta catch up to Hiccup!" Fishlegs yelled.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut looked at each other and realized that Hiccup had already passed them, but kept it to themselves and followed. They were far behind already, Hiccup was miles away. "We lost him!" Astrid exclaimed, "He was too fast for us."

"Well we sure haven't noticed that!" Snotlout says sarcastically.

"Shut it Snotlout! Or I'll make you shut it." Astrid angrily growled.

"Whatever..." Snotlout looks away and flies off towards Berk. Fishlegs flies near Astrid, "Are you ok Astrid? You seem a bit too aggressive lately."

Astrid huffs and looks away, "I'm fine Fish."

"You don't look fine at all! You have these weird vein looking things on your face." Fishlegs says with a concerned look.

"Fishlegs! I'm fine! Just leave me alone." Astrid screamed, the others turned to look at her.

Coming up on them, still a distance away is Stoick's ship, "I'll go down there and tell Stoick, Snot you should come with me, incase you annoy Astrid more." Fishlegs suggested, "Ruff, Tuff, make sure Astrid gets back on Berk." Before Astrid could speak Snotlout and Fishlegs

begin to descend down towards Stoick while the twins just stare at her, Astrid glares back.

"I'm not going to get killed today!" Tuffnut points out, "Let's just say we brought Astrid back to Berk and we spend the rest of the day goofing off!" He whispers to Ruffnut. She nods and waves to Astrid, "We're going to go ahead!" Astrid rolls her eyes, "Whatever..." then flew off into a different direction towards a small island.

"So what you're telling me is, whoever destroyed whatever it was out there, just flew right by you guys and ya lost him!?" Stoick questioned, "And also somehow carved the initials of H.H. on a man? Thinking it's Hiccup?" He looks at Fishlegs and shakes his head with a sigh. "It's true Chief! We saw the Night Fury with our own eyes!" Fishlegs pleaded, "No one else has a Night Fury besides him and you know it! It's him!" Stoick stared at him angrily and grabbed Fishlegs' collar raising his fist at him. Snotlout pushed himself in between them trying to stop him. Gobber ran over and pulled Stoick away.

Stoick walked off, huffing angrily. "Chief.." Fishlegs said until he was stopped by Gobber, "I'd rather ye don't do that, don't wanna 'ave to clean up some blood off the ship." Fishlegs backed up, sighing exasperatedly. Astrid landed on the island, it was quiet and empty, good enough to let out some stress with her axe! She threw it at trees mostly, swinging it with utter hatred hacking at anything that could be chopped up with an axe, letting out screams of frustration. Stormfly looked upon her and wondered what could've gotten her human to get the point of this ill-tempered axe training.

She fell onto her hands and knees out of breath, dropping her axe, "What is wrong with me?" she said to herself. Stormfly came over slowly and lowered her head down next to her rider, comforting her as much as she could, getting a tight hug back she coo'd at Astrid. Unbeknownst to the both of them, a cloaked figure was sitting comfortably on a tree branch above watching them, well until he slipped and went tumbling down landing hard onto the grass.

Astrid looked up and grabbed a hold of her axe, "Who are you!?" she yelled. The cloaked man slowly removed his hood and revealed a young man, a year older than she was, long auburn hair, slightly scarred face, freckles but not a whole lot, and green eyes. Astrid gasped, she couldn't believe it was him.

"Hey?" The young man said nervously, while awkwardly raising his hand to wave.

****Chapter 2 guys! Sorry for it being short. Enjoy the read, everything will be explained in Chapter 3, maybe.****

4. Chapter 3

****Here ya go nerds.****

****Chapter 3****

Astrid stared awkwardly and confused at Hiccup. "Hey?" Is that all he could say? He's been gone four years and all he could say is 'Hey?' This only added fuel to the puzzling fire inside Astrid. So she did

what any sensible person would've done, ran up to the oblivious young man and punched him square in the face. After falling from the initial blow, Hiccup swiped a hand across his nose then held his arms up to block anymore incoming attacks. "Wait Astrid! I can explain! Please don't hit me." He begged pathetically much to her amusement.

She lowered her taut fist and crossed her arms. "Alright then, talk."

Back on Berk, the twins had returned feeling giddy with excitement about goofing off for the rest of the day. That is until multiple explosions went off in all different directions. Normally, the twins would be elated at such chaos, but the town was filled with screams of terror. Ruffnut and Tuffnut ran off to investigate the nearest death rattle only to find a clandestine figure hovering over the body of a slain villager. It was their mother.

The figure placed his boot on the head of the corpse and pulled the blade out whilst crushing her head simultaneously. "Yuck, there's peasant blood on my sword," he complained and looked up to see the twins stunned. "Ah, something to wipe the blood off!" He walked to over to them swinging his gore slicked sword like a pendulum until he closed in on Tuffnut.

The twins stood frozen in shock at the sight their dead mother, allowing the man to easily wipe her blood onto Tuffnut's shirt. "Thanks for just standing there, really don't like the blood of a cow staining my sword y'know?" The man nonchalantly joked. Tuffnut finally looked up out of a daze and headbutted the man, he stumbled back into Ruffnut who landed a swift kick to his stomach.

Barf and Belch came bounding in growling and roaring. Barf breathed out a thick smog of gas while Belch grabbed Ruffnut and placed her on the usual riding spot, Tuffnut then hopped to his position on the dragon. Barf let out another gassy roar, allowing Belch to produce a spark that ignited the area covered in gas.

"Tsk ts, you really should be faster than that!"

The twins turned around to see him standing on their dragon illuminated by the sun, revealing his identity. Ruffnut gasped in disbelief, "No way..." Tuffnut uttered. The man then swung his sword down making the Zippleback crash.

Hours pass, Fishlegs and Snotlout land on Berk only to find it empty and destroyed, they were shocked and in utter disbelief but Fishlegs knew he had to remain calm. "Let's split up and look around for everyone. Gotta find out what happened here." Fishlegs said as he bounded off on Meatlug in a random direction. Snotlout headed towards the Mead Hall scouting out his surroundings, "I have a bad feeling here, Hookfang" he whispered.

Fishlegs arrived at Elder Gothi's house only to discover half of it blown up, among the ruins he saw her staff broken in half on the floor. He shook his head at the sight, "Gothi?" he called out but received no answer. Hopping off Meatlug and proceeding into the house, he was immediately jumped by a shadowy figure. Panicked and surprised, Fishlegs instinctively put up his arms bracing for impact while summoning Meatlug for assistance.

She charged in roaring but was instantly dazed by a single punch from the figure. "You peasants really have got to keep your pets under control!" He grabbed Meatlug and hurled her as if she were weightless towards her rider, "These dragons are very playful." Fishlegs was momentarily crushed under Meatlug until she was shoved aside by the man.

The clandestine figure once again slowly revealed himself with the sunlight. Fishlegs' eyes widened "No, it can't be you..." he gasped in surprise but was immediately barraged with fists. After each blow the sound of his bones crunching echoed throughout the debris, blood began spurting from his mouth until he finally collapsed.

Hearing the roar of a Gronckle followed with the sounds of a fight, Snotlout ordered Hookfang to fly towards the commotion. It wasn't too far away and in a few minutes they arrived to meet the man himself. Walking out of the barely existent house he wiped blood off his hands with a ripped rag.

"Oh, another dirty bourgeoisie!" He stared smugly at Snotlout, who was already charging holding his mace in the air with Hookfang roaring ahead of him. The man unsheathed his sword and vaulted into the air but was suddenly burned by Hookfang's blast of fire. Well that's what Snotlout thought until he noticed a slight gleam of metal cutting through the flame, aimed straight for his dragon's neck.

"HOOKFANG!" Snotlout screamed in horror, too late, the sword sliced through severing the head clean off. Hookfang's head flopped onto the ground, the body flailed and convulsed until death. Grief filled the rider's head, he lifted his mace and threw it towards the man, missing. "You would really try that?" The man taunted, shadow-stepping closer surprising Snotlout.

"Hiccup!? Wha-" startled, he barely got the words out before an agonizing pain shot through his arm causing him to screech.

Snotlout looked at his arm to see it bent backwards in a compound fracture, blood began to well around the protruding bones. He dazedly lifted his head towards Hiccup, who suddenly introduced his boot to Snotlout's face kicking him hard to the ground. "Why are you doing this!?" He wailed in immense pain, appearing as if he was about to cry. Hiccup just smiled and started going to town on him, swinging away with his sword, cutting and slicing every inch of his body.

Finally after a few minutes he appeared satisfied with his work and sheathed his sword. Slowly Hiccup reached down and lifted Snotlout up by the neck, and with the other hand grabbed his face, "This may hurt a bit." It was followed by a sharp snap.

Astrid rested on the ground, laying her back against Stormfly who made herself comfortable on the beach. Hiccup looked at her, she has grown he thought to himself, long blonde hair, still the same skirt, different colored shirt (blue to red), soft lips, slender frame. And the eyes, those crystal blue eyes staring straight at him with all her undivided attention. Oh why did he have to leave her back on Berk.

"Uhm Hiccup?" Astrid asked, "Are you still with me?" She waved her arms at him, trying to break his gaze on her.

He snapped out of it and shook his head shyly, "Oh yeah! Sorry, I was thinking about something..." he sort of blushed, "Anyways; I was going to tell you about...?"

"About how you're still alive and what you're doing." Astrid said annoyed, she didn't feel angry or have that sense of wanting to kill someone lingering over her anymore.

Hiccup looked behind him to see an old man in robes with a dark substance in his hands; he nodded and spoke to him with gestures through his face and body language. 'Did ya get it outta her?'

'Not a problem Hiccy, she didn't notice it at all!'

Hiccup lets out a deep sigh and looks back toward Astrid, "So it began with..."

Back on Berk, Stoick arrives to the docks, finding it rather empty. "Gobber, Spitelout, something's wrong here keep your eyes open." As the ship docked a few Viking men and women that went with Stoick disembarked first with their weapons up and ready for a fight.

The group moved up to the top of the cliff to find a sight that hadn't been seen in years. The village was in ruins, no bodies but it looked like a warzone. Stoick pushed through the group of Viking and stared in surprise. He didn't know what to do, proceeding through the village they searched every house for answers, every inch of the village he grew up in, protected, now destroyed. Hearing a cry of pain just ahead of him, Stoick ran hastily and called out, "Hello? Is anyone there?"

Another groan and this time it was accompanied with a small rumble of a dragon. Stoick made his way closer to the sound, horrified upon discovering the gruesome sight. Hookfang's decapitated remains now drenched in a pool of blood with his rider lying next to him groaning. Spitelout ran past Stoick to tend to his fallen son, "SON! What happened!?" he screamed, his voice cracked and filled with panic. Snotlout still groaning, opened his eyes to his father closing in on him, "D-dad... Stop, don't touc-"

Too late, Spitelout had picked up his son too fast. A sudden crack was heard, his son's eyes widened and the body went limp. He stared emptily towards his son, "Son? Son!? Are you still with me!?" His voice trailed off as he fell onto his knees, he stared with his mouth open and tears rushed down his face.

Stoick walked over slowly, "Spitelout?" No response. He put his hands on Spite's shoulder while Gobber hobbled over, "I don't think he'll be speaking for a long while..." he looked over and motioned his hands for the other Vikings to keep watch over him. "Have him moved once we have secured the rest of the village."

Another groan is heard, they looked over to what was left of Gothi's house and saw Fishlegs crawling out of the debris slowly, blood covering him. "Chief... it was..." then he fainted.

Hiccup had ended his story with Astrid staring widely at him in full

attention. "So that's it?" She questioned, "Didn't think it'd end that abruptly..." a look of disappointment dimmed her eyes. He stared at her and sighed, "It can't be all that interesting, I mean all the stories you hear of that black dragon rider are barely true!" He chuckled to himself, while looking at Astrid. A snap of some branches brought him to attention only to be pounced by the Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death, Toothless.

"Hey bud! Where have you been?" Hiccup laughed, but suddenly was licked, "Oh Gods! Toothless! You know I have a hard time washing out your spit!" The dragon let out a guttural noise sounding close to a laugh. Astrid smiled and got up from her sitting position to greet the dragon, if he still remembered her. Of course he did, Toothless gave Astrid a small pounce and licked her too. She laughed as she was helped up by Hiccup, "I missed you too Toothless." He had gotten much bigger, dangerous looking too, but still resembled a cute little kitten.

A figure slowly made his way toward Hiccup which alerted Astrid. She ran past Hiccup to tackle this man but was stopped by a force of pressure coming from the figure's direction. Astrid was stopped in her tracks trying to push through it but couldn't hold her ground, ultimately pushed backwards she was caught by Hiccup. "Khral! What are you doing here?" He asked.

"You know this guy?" Astrid yelled, still disoriented by the force of the push.

The figure slowly removed his hood to reveal a man appearing to be in his 50s, markings across his face, no hair on top at all but with a small patch of hair on his chin. "Howdy 'iccup! We got some bidness to talk about!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes, "Great..."

****Yes. Snotlout is dead. The End. ****

****He will not be brought back, Hookfang will be dead with him, enjoy the chapter. #stoickdies****

****Joking about that hashtag.****

5. Chapter 4: Oh wow titles!

****Sorry for the one day delay, but before we start lets answer some quick things in the review shall we? Ok!****

****I don't hate Snotlout, he was a planned character death. Expect a whole lot more deaths in the later chapters. ****

****"Oh no Hairy! Why would you kill my favorite characters!? I hate this fanfic!" -I don't care what you think, if you don't want anyone to die and live all happy, go write your own damn story.****

****Daugur and Alvin will be included into the story, but they are not the main villains. ****

****Thank you. ****

****Chapter 4****

Hiccup looked back at Astrid, "Just stay right there, I'll be back in a bit." He held his hand up indicating her to not follow, but would she ever listen? Nope. "Stay Stormfly." She commanded quietly then snuck off into the woods trailing behind the two.

"So what's going on now Khral?" Hiccup asked. "Well, you know that little thing we did with ya?" Khral hinted, "y'know the whole painful process of 'separating' ye?" "Don't remind me," Hiccup held his stomach, "So what seems to be the problem?"

Astrid slowly approached them, carefully treading around dead leaves and fallen branches to avoid being heard. Khral glanced back to see if anyone was there causing Astrid to immediately dive into the bushes. "Hopefully he didn't notice," she thought quietly. He smirked to himself, turning back to face Hiccup. "Anywaysâ€¦ The problem is that it's going on a rampage around the villages and killing off people who don't need to be killed off." Khral informed while moving toward the nearest tree, leaning against it. His eyes fell to the bushes next to him and spied Astrid, smiling straight at her. She thought she wasn't seen, she had done her best to not be spotted, who is this man? "Its latest batch of murders happens to be your old home, Berk, I gotta say he really did a number on those villagers."

Hiccup went wide-eyed, Astrid gasped a little too loud and Khral pulled her out of the bushes by her arm and held her up. "Oh hey Hiccup! I found your friend here!" he laughed, "Not much a good listener is she? Oh well, not my problem." Hiccup looked over to Astrid, "I thought I told you to stay put!"

"Well I wanted to know what was going on! It's not my fault I'm curious with you, since I haven't seen you in a long time." She complained. Hiccup sighed and walked over to her holding his hand out, "Here, so you heard about Berk?" She nodded, "What happened anyways? It was attacked or something?" Khral came over in between them out of nowhere, "Of course it was! Most of your villagers are dead or maimed or hung or..." He counted how many ways the villagers have died on his fingers with Hiccup face palming. "Khral, can you be a little more sensitive with this situation?" Hiccup pointed out and looked to Astrid, helping her up, "Sorry about him, he's a little 'crazy' "

"Crazy? I don't think that even describes him!" Astrid yelled. They both looked at Khral and he just waved innocently.

On Berk, Stoick made his way towards the mead hall with the Vikings carrying Fishlegs and Spitelout. He noticed a green hue out the corner of his eye and turned to see the twins tending to their injured dragon(s) sporting a few injuries of their own. "Ruffnut, Tuffnut, glad to see you two are still alive, do you know who was responsible for all this?" he asked. The twins were distraught, their eyes were red and puffy, their bodies were covered in bruises and cuts. Blood from Barf and Belch was slightly splashed across them, who survived the attack but was suffering badly due to its right wing being split. "He killed her... HE MURDERED HER IN FRONT OF US!" Ruffnut cried out as she pounded the ground with her fists. Tuffnut was next to her trying to calm her down as he held back his own tears. Barf and Belch tried to comfort their riders trying to ignore

it's pain.

Stoick walked over slowly taking off his helmet, urging them gently onward to sit on the stairs up in the Mead Hall, "Some of you come over here and take care of their dragon, try and stop the bleeding" he pointed out. As he sat them down, he put his hand on their shoulders trying to comfort them, "What happened? Who killed who..?" Stoick asked, determined to find whoever did this to the village and surely wipe him out. Ruffnut sniffed and slightly looked up with her voice still shaky, "I-it was H-Hiccup... He killed our mother..."

Stoick looked at them in disbelief, his own son? He was dead, there's no way he could be alive, even if he is alive not even he could do this to a village. "Are you sure..?" He tried to confirm only to receive a nod from the twins. A slight noise was heard within the mead hall, the other Vikings pointed their weapons toward the door, Stoick walked in front to cover the twins, "Whoever is in there. You better come out now!" He bellowed.

Gothi went out of the mead hall slowly with other survivors, they were all relieved to see their Chief still alive and well. Everyone let out a sigh of relief. They started pouring out of the building reuniting with the Vikings that went with Stoick, "What happened here Gothi?" He asked her.

She gestured to the sky using her sign and body language, her dirt covered face showing a slight bit of fear. 'It was like a dark cloud came over Berk with Thor himself mercilessly smiting innocent men, women, and children in the form of a man on a black dragon!' A laugh is heard up above, at once everyone darted their eyes upward to see a man relaxing upon the roof of a building staring back down, "Well hello there peasants! I was casually strolling by when I saw this poor old village burning, so I decided to help out!" He joked and reached behind him, grabbing and throwing down bodies of some Viking villagers.

Everyone stared in disgust and panic, it was this man that brought all this destruction to their home. Out of nowhere, Meatlug flew by and knocked the man off the building landing right on his face. Stoick ran over and picked the man up, then proceeded to punch him constantly, connecting all his blows to the face and throwing him against the wall. "Gobber!" He yelled as he was handed a spear, impaling the man against the wall pinning him against it. Other vikings joined and begun impaling him with as many spears they had into him. It was all ended with Meatlug blasting all she had onto the body, covering it in extreme scorching heat.

"B-but Dad... You would k-kill your own son?" A voice gargled as the flames suddenly dissipated. Stoick's eyes widened with fear and horror, it was Hiccup impaled on the wall! Blood gushed from the spear wounds and his mouth oozed thick red slime upon coughing. Everyone stared in surprise, some gasped, and others just couldn't believe it was him. Stoick couldn't fathom what was happening in front of him.

"Help me dad, help me..." Hiccup spat out more blood. Stoick had to help his son, instinctively moving toward the charred bleeding body. "Stoick no! It's some sort of trick!" Gobber yelled as he tried to pull him back, only to be pushed away. "I have to help him Gobber!"

The Chief bellowed, "He's my son!" Before Stoick closed in on Hiccup, he pushed himself off the wall and ripped out all the spears. His flesh tore open appearing to just be skin covering something underneath. That's when Stoick threw an axe hidden behind him, it cut through the air hitting its mark on the face.

"OH GODS! That freakin' hurts!" Hiccup screamed, he fell onto the ground writhing in pain. The vikings looked pleased with themselves, until he started laughing. "Oh the looks on your faces! That look of hope and accomplishment!" He ripped the axe right off his face taking some flesh along with it, "I won't be needing this meatsuit anymore. My turn!" Then a plasma blast came from the sky, incinerating the man, but barely injuring him.

"Who did that!?" It was annoyed.

A screeching sound pierced the air, "NIGHT FURY! GET DOWN!" A Viking yelled as they all hit the deck, another plasma blast struck down and impacted upon the being. "Good job bud! I'll take it from here!" The rider leapt off his Dragon wielding a sword engulfed in flames, landing in the middle of the Vikings. Everyone jumped back, as the rider removed his hood to reveal it was the real Hiccup. (Author's note: I know people would be having a heart attack over all this shit happening around them, but I am a nonsensical person.) "THE REAL HORRENDOUS HADDOCK! What a pleasure to meet you." The Imposter bowed in a flourish, still smoking from the plasma blasts.

"What's the occasion 'oh great lab experiment of the murderous Khral'?" He says in a sarcastic manner. "Are you going to stop me from slaughtering each and every one of these shit covered swine?!"

Spikes rained down upon him from above, "Just try it you dirty son of a half-troll!" Astrid blared.

"I'll be going for your little bitch first Hiccup!" The Imposter began to rip out one of the spikes impaled upon his right shoulder, only to have it kicked back in by Hiccup. Distracted, The Imposter winced slightly at the sudden pain giving Hiccup the chance to swing his sword down across it's chest in a flurry. Finally then, flicking his wrist upward in a flash he pushed the blade through its face. Continuing the onslaught, he pivoted his foot and pushed into the air giving Toothless the chance to grab the abomination and fly lower grinding it into the ground.

The Night Fury let go, letting it slide into a tree. Hiccup undid a little buckle on his torso to reveal a bandolier of daggers, he let them fly one by one gracefully hitting their mark except for a couple of them while walking towards it. He reached the end of his daggers and held the flaming sword to its throat, "The next time I see you or hear that you're around this place again, I'll make sure that you'll be ground into oblivion."

"I'm so scared! What are ye gonna do? Incinerate me?" He laughed. "Face it Hiccup, you're not man enough to even finish me off!" That's until Toothless landed next to it and grabbed a hold of the head pulling at it while pushing down the body. You could hear the cracking bones and 'flesh' tearing, then a sudden pop. The Night Fury hobbled over to Hiccup and spat out the head, "Well... that shut me up!" It said and then it fainted.

Hiccup bent down and picked the head up, throwing it in an opposite direction really far from the body. "Alright bud! We should probably explain to them what happened! Yeah?" Toothless let out a happy guttural noise and nudged his head onto his rider, receiving a head rub.

****If you're still confused actually ask a question rather than leave a one word response. Thanks buddies. ****

6. Chapter 5: Story Time!

****Sorry about this Chapter being really damn short, I know. Stress with college and rushing to get these essays done. So so sorry, Chapter 6 might be a while. Have fun with the short read. It doesn't feel like I had the story make enough sense either way, fuck it.****

****Chapter 5****

Hiccup and Toothless walk back toward the village, getting closer they see Astrid on top of Stormfly waving her arms and telling the villagers to calm down. "Everyone, just let Hiccup explain!" She announced, cupping her hands around her mouth. A viking yelled, "He's over there!" All the villagers rushed towards him inquiring his whereabouts, how he survived and how he was finally able to defeat The Imposter. Hiccup held both hands up indicating everyone to calm down, but before he could speak a voice was heard from above. "He survived because of me." The vikings looked up, seeing Khral on the roof towering impressively above them. He took a step forward and realized there was nothing to step on in front of him, falling and hitting various objects on the way down. Finally reaching the bottom, he introduced his face to the ground. Behind the vikings, three pieces of giant paper were held up like a judges score card, showing the numbers 7 8 7. "Eh, I could have done better!" Gobber bragged.

"Hiccup, who is this?" Stoick asked. Hiccup walked over to Khral and helped him up then turned back around towards his father, "He's the reason why I'm alive, dad. Without him I probably wouldn't be here." "So where were you for the last 4 years?" Gobber butted in. Hiccup sighed, "I'll explain it back in the mead hall."

Far off in the distance, the head of The Imposter was carried and dropped into a bird's nest. His eyes slowly opened and he was angry, REALLY ANGRY. "I'll get you Hiccup, I swear on it, once I get outta here you're mine!" He yelled toward the sky but was instantly pecked in the eye by a startled bird. "Oy! Get offa me you feathered demon!" But it just kept pecking and nudging at him until he was pushed out of the tree into a pile of dung. "Fuck!" He yelled, attracting the boars that were nearby. He somehow rocked his head off the pile of dung only to see an army of boars surrounding him. Back in the mead hall, Hiccup is sitting by the tables with almost every villager surrounding him. Astrid was sitting next to him, the twins plopped down on the other side and at the foot of the table is Khral doing whatever the Hel Thor's knows what. A viking came by carrying a tray of food for Khral and Hiccup. Stoick went behind Hiccup towering over him, "So you care to tell us your story, son?"

He nodded and began to speak

After the initial fall into the fire, Toothless had grabbed me, but it wasn't enough and I had slipped out of his hold falling faster than him and took the force of the impact, skin burning as the fire engulfed me, everything went dark. I remember waking up in a small room, a sharp pain covering every inch of my body, all I could see from my daze is my skin burnt to a crisp, my limbs missing __** (Hands and Feet are missing, DAAYYY UUUMMM) **__, and Toothless nowhere to be found. Any movement whatsoever means immense pain that goes through my whole body, it wasn't pretty, but I kept trying to get out of bed in a panic and falling off onto the cold hard floor. Feeling all the debris and rocks that somehow got fused onto me being further pushed into me, I was helpless and I saw my own blood, gallons of it spilling out. It was over for me, I tried to stay awake even trying to call out for Toothless, but I had passed out.

Waking up again, there was no pain anymore. I thought I was dreaming. Moving around in the bed and looking to see my hands and feet are back in place, surprise was seen on my face. 'Was that all a dream?' I thought to myself... then I met him. Khrál, the craziest bastard I'd have ever met, he approached me with a knife in his hands only to trip and throw the knife. You'd think it wouldn't hit me, but it did alright. Right. Through. The. Chest. I couldn't believe it! Here I am, just fine and feeling great all of a sudden I'm impaled. Who else but Hiccup right? I saw my own blood again spilling everywhere, the room starts spinning, and all I could see is Khrál panicking and rummaging through the room looking for something. Vision was getting blurry, sounds getting muffled, and all I saw was darkness.

Then a bright light had embraced me, my vision was returning, the sounds resonated much clearer, and Khrál was over me with his hands over my chest covering a glowing object which seemed to stop the bleeding along with the pain. I was mesmerized, feeling some sort of energy flowing through me. I felt as though I was unstoppable, nothing could bring me down. That's when he helped me up, and asked me "You wanna join 'The Core'?" Hesitating, I tried to ask him what it was but all he wanted me to join before he could further reveal himself. Why me? What's so important about me?

"I only choose people to join to whoever is willing to sacrifice or had already sacrificed all they had for the sake of others." Khrál interrupted, "you Hiccup, knowing you might die after facing that colossal beast of a dragon, but you went ahead anyways." A random viking cut in, "wouldn't that mean we'd all be eligible to join you're special club? I mean, being a Viking is an Occupational Hazard." He stated cockily. Khrál smiled, "well, unlike most of you suicidal maniacs, he never did it for himself, or glory. Hiccup did it to save you sacks of meat." Everyone seemed to be offended, and looked as if they were ready to attack him. Hiccup waved his arms, "I'd rather we not fight! I don't want the village to disappear after just coming back y'know." Every villager stared at him in surprise, an old man like that could make the whole village disappear? Nobody wanted to take that chance, since that whole attack. Astrid looked towards Hiccup, "so what? Are you like some sort of powerful warrior?" she joked. He nodded his head as if he didn't seem to her sarcasm, "sort of like that yeah."

He got up all of a sudden, "I have something to check up on, if

you'll excuse me." Hiccup ran out of the Mead Hall. "Where's he going?" Astrid asked, Khral responded with a shrug as the door slammed shut. "Toothless!" Hiccup called out, and came bounding in his reptilian companion. Toothless stopped, sliding on the ground until he was arms reach of Hiccup, he was real happy to see his rider, "Hey bud!" He smiled, "ready for that flight session I promised ya?" His question was answered with a lick.

7. Chapter 6 - A Flight Of Privacy

****Alright, so I'm going to provide an explanation. I had a couple essays that needed to be done, tests to study for, then after all that is done, I spent a little time away from writing anything to de-stress and keep myself sane. So, the explanation as to why this is short, is because I wanted to let all who actually reads this sort of "atrocious" fan fiction, that I'm still alive. Surprisingly. Anyways, here's Chapter 6, sorry again for it being short.****

****Chapter 6 - A Flight Of Privacy****

"What's his problem?" Astrid questions. "He gets sorta uncomfortable around large crowds like this." Khral answers, "It looks like he got worse as of late, since after I killed him." "What?!"

Far off in the sky, Hiccup is in the air on Toothless seeming to be lost in thought and in a daze. He directs Toothless down diving in high speeds, cutting through the air and closing in on the ocean. Toothless looks back at his rider in worry, Hiccup ignores it and yells, "Faster Bud! Faster!" The dragon hesitantly follows the orders of his rider and shifts his body, streamlining himself. The ocean comes closer into view until they are just a mere few feet away from the surface. Hiccup pulls up and twists to the side performing a barrel roll with Toothless then quickly stabilizes upright, continuing along with the flight. Toothless smacks Hiccup abruptly across the face with one of his earflaps, "Ahh Toothless! What was that for?" Hiccup asked, touching his face only to have the other side be slapped by his other earflap, "Toothless! What the Hel is the matter with you?!" Toothless responded with a growl and kept on flying. Hiccup leans back, and lets out a sigh, _a crowd is seen gathering in the center of an unknown village, they seem to be in protest carrying their weapons and throwing various garbage at what appears to be Hiccup tied to a post. "FREAK!", "MURDERER" and other various names were spat out, until a rock is thrown hitting him in the head. All he could remember is breaking out of those ropes, images of him beating down men bigger than him to a withered, bloodied pulp, starting fires and burning the faces of children, choking the life out of the mothers, taking down the foundations of houses with screams of terror filling the air only to continue his rampage onto a neighboring village, leaving a terrible path of death behind him, then finally snapping out of it when Toothless tackles him, pinning Hiccup rumbling and nudging his head onto him. _It felt like Toothless was shaking, he was still lost in thought, until a roar echoed behind them. Suddenly he was knocked off, Hiccup snapped out of it and saw it was another Night Fury just like Toothless; they flew down faster closing in on the ocean below. Hiccup tries to break free of its hold, kicking and just trying anything to push it off but it wouldn't let go and it seemed to be going faster and faster. He started screaming along with the Night Fury roaring in his face, until Toothless dives and head butts it away.

Hiccup reached out and pulled himself back onto Toothless, he started pulling up and working on the mechanical fin stabilizing them, "Let's get outta here bud." He said as he leaned closer. The Night Fury roared behind them closing in on them fast, Hiccup pulled out his sword "Get ready bud." They started diving down towards the ocean with the other dragon following close behind. The pair spun around looking toward their pursuer with Hiccup yelling, "Now!" A plasma blast was shot out along with the other Night Fury shooting it's plasma blast too, as the blast collided the force of it pushed them both back. The pair fell into the ocean, but the other Night Fury spun out of control and then stabilized itself to see it had lost it's target.

Back on Berk, Stoick was seen holding Khrall by the neck, "What in the Hel did you do?" He bellowed. "What do you mean you killed him?" Khrall calmly held his hands up smiling, "I suggest you let me go big guy." Stoick looked at him funny, what's this old man gonna do to him anyways.. he thought to himself, "Not until you tell me what you did to my son!" Until Hiccup bursted in through the doors, soaking wet and cut across his face with Toothless is tow. Stoick let go of Khrall, "what happened? Why are you all wet?" Hiccup pushed past his father, and helped Khrall up, "It's back." He said, "Was attacked by it a few miles from here." The old let out a small smile, "Excellent!"

"What's back son? What happened to ye? Hiccup." Stoick called for him.

"Not right now dad, this is more important." he said, with Khrall rubbing his hands together and calling for attention, "Everyone! May I have your attention?" Every Viking in the Mead Hall looked up, "who wants to catch a Night Fury?"

8. A message to the child

****A message for **Elohim2800.**

An excerpt from the holy bible featuring one of the new 10 modern commandments:

"Don't be a douche."

****If you're still having trouble understanding, please look at the website name, .net, OH HEY WHAT DO YOU KNOW! FANFICTION! Works of fanbased fiction on whatever show/movie/video game/etc. made and written/typed by different people with their own brand of creative ideas to let others read and hopefully enjoy. ****

****Seeing how this is my fanfiction that I've written for my own joy and pleasure of, I can do whatever I want with it and I can make your precious Hiccup into anything I desire because oh hey I'm writing this! Who knew?****

*****Has almost no plot whatsoever, and you are killing off characters for no reason.**

And somehow the 'god version of hiccup' is some master swordsman (in four years? Takes longer wtf) and has no trouble killing? That

doesn't sound like Hiccup.

So many plot holes, missing punctuation, and overall just an un-satisfying read.

For all those who read the reviews before reading the story, just stay away from this one, guys."

I can kill off as many characters as I want, introduce as many as I want, the sky's the limit. I'm rereading this whole fanfiction and have been looking for ways to improve upon it, but why should I listen to someone like you? Telling people to not read my fanfiction not letting any potential readers form their own opinion, are you like some sort of pro writer? You're just a rude stranger on the internet, though I do thank you for leaving a review and showing me what I need to work on, since it's my first fanfiction. Good day to you sir and/or madam.

9. Chapter 7: Actual explanation

Sorry again for it being short, stuff going on yada yada. I like people to realize that you can't expect an all mighty kick ass story here, I'm just doing this as a hobby and to pass the time. Here's something to fill *SOME* gaps hopefully, if not fuck you, anyways I'm off to Florida to enjoy myself and life itself. I'll write some while I'm there, but don't expect anything for a while. This was edited carefully, but please point out anymore mistakes, it is much appreciated. DON'T BE A CUNT ABOUT IT.

I'd like to thank all the supportive people in the reviews, really helped me out in continuing to write this.

**Chapter 7 **

Everyone looked at Khral with confusion and surprise.

"Wait wait wait... catch a Night Fury?" Astrid interrupted. "First we get attacked by someone who looked just like Hiccup _then_ the real Hiccup comes back. There also just so happens to be another Night Fury that's causing trouble, and you're some crazy old hermit who turned Hiccup into whatever he is now."

"The series of events happening are just so confusing!" Fishlegs butted in. "How are we suppose to make sense of all this!?"

"Our parents are dead!" Ruffnut points out between her and Tuffnut, "Berk is destroyed, Snotlout is dead, and this whole thing was brought on because of you two!"

Various vikings began to yell, expressing their disdain joined with the teens toward Hiccup and Khral.

"Quiet!" Stoick thundered aloud and slammed his fist down on the table, the whole mead hall went silent. "Before we start blaming these two, let Hiccup actually explain." The Chief looked over to Hiccup, "Talk. Now."

Khral and Hiccup exchanged a look toward one another and gulped. "Well, Hiccup already told ya how we met." Khral spoke up, "But what

he forgot to tel-"

"I said 'let Hiccup explain,'" boomed Stoick's commanding voice. Khral looked at the Chief, even for a human this guy is scary. He looked back towards Hiccup shooting him a look, 'you're on your own bro.'

"Well I already told you the story on how we met," Hiccup nervously stated. "After all the introductions, he explained to me what he is..."

"Would you like to join 'The Core'?" Khral asked, his face brimming with excitement.

Hiccup was still suspicious of him, Toothless with a care-free look about him. 'Should I trust this guy?' He thought to himself. "Toothless, lets go." Hiccup yelled as he mounted his Dragon and bursted through the door, and flew off into the sky.

"WHERE ARE YE GOIN?" Khral yelled.

Toothless made a slight noise towards his rider, "What is it bud?" Hiccup asked.

Right behind them came Khral, riding on what appeared to be an Armored Dragon. Hard shells covered ragged wings with spikes running all along the tail. Vicious rows of teeth bared as it flew top speed towards the pair.

Hiccup glanced behind to catch a better look but the dragon zoomed past them disorienting Toothless, turning their flight unstable, "Toothless! What's wrong bud!?" Hiccup yelled, looking up to see that Khral had swiped the fake tailfin off of the Night Fury.

They had begun their hard descent back onto solid ground, the wind swirled up around them causing turbulence. "Toothless! Hang on bud, I have an idea!" Hiccup yelled.

"Best not to get any ideas here boy!" Khral warned, "You either join me or you go back to being dead when I found ya!" Keeping up with the falling pair, he held the tailfin in his arms, "So whaddya say?"

Hiccup stared cautiously at Khral, then looked towards the ground getting closer, and to Toothless who was trying to at least slow their fall with his wings, but to no avail. He gritted his teeth and tightened his fist, "Fine! Just give me the damn tailfin back!" He screamed.

"Nope." Khral said, letting go of the tailfin to be carried off into the wind, "Well it looks like you're fucked honey! Listen, if its any consolation, I think you did a fine job in trying to escape." He laughed to himself and stared at his Dragon looking back, mouthing the words 'not really.'

"I trusted you!" Hiccup said as Khral flew away. "We gotta think of something fast, before we both die!" Toothless gave out a roar. The ground was getting closer and closer, until...

"Y'know! I changed me mind!" Khral said, everything appeared to be

still, the pair suspended midair only a few inches from the ground. "What makes ya think I'm just goin' to kill ye off?" He laughed, "I honestly had you both goin' there fer a second.

Hiccup let out a frustrated sigh of relief and leaned back on his Dragon. "So what now?" He asked.

"Training." Was the last word said before the tailfin was thrown at them.

****2 weeks later...****

"You gotta be kidding me! There's no way I can climb this mountain in a day! It also doesn't help the thick clouds make it nearly impossible to see." Hiccup complained.

Khral laughed, "Quit yer bitchin' and climb. If ye don't make it to the top by sundown, you get no dinner!"

"How is this going to help me?" Asked Hiccup.

"Survival, if you're ever separated from your Dragon. Plus it helps build some muscle to that skinny figure of yours!" Khral chuckled. He patted the side of his dragon and started flying their way up, "I'll meet you up the top of the mountain!"

Hiccup sighed and kept looking forward, "great..."

Miles upon miles were revealed as the clouds moved out of the way to reveal the peak. This is going to take a while.

****Peace and Happiness. Love you all, even if you're a cunt.****

End
file.